

# The Saturday News

Vol. III

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No. 40

## NOTE AND COMMENT

All doubt disappeared about two weeks ago as to whether we were to have a Dominion election or not and now we are definitely informed that polling will take place on Monday, October 26th. Accompanying the announcement is that of the retirement of only one minister, Hon. R. W. Scott, who has never been a strong political factor in the re-membrance of this generation, and who gives place to Mr. Charles Murphy of Ottawa, who will, as Mr. Scott did, represent the Irish Catholics of the country. It is a pity that we cannot get away from this system of representation of religions and races in the cabinet, which has been in force since Confederation and before. Is it for the good of the country that an untried man like Mr. Murphy should be given a portfolio over the heads of those who have served their apprenticeship as private members, simply because of his faith and his nationality.

That the campaign will not be long drawn out is a matter for congratulation. In many parts of the country candidates have been at it hammer and tongs for a year or more and it does no good to have the uncertainty regarding the date of the contest prolonged any more than is necessary.

Liberals may well be encouraged by the start which their leader has made in the general election campaign. In his long career, marked by many an oratorical triumph, he has made no better speeches than those at Sorel and Niagara Falls. The setting amidst which these two performances were carried out differed greatly.

In the one case he was among his own race and in the heart of the province from which he obtains the largest part of his majority in the House of Commons. The audience which he had to address was in perfect sympathy with him, proud of the honor which his achievements had done them and evidently as enthusiastic as ever in the support of his cause. Even the telegraphed account of the scenes that were witnessed in the old Quebec town, on this the second occasion on which the Liberal leader has opened a general contest there, was enough to stir the blood of a man whose interest in politics is of purely an academic nature.

But striking as Sir Wilfrid's meetings are in Quebec, they do not give the measure of the man to the extent that they in Ontario do. Here he is in a sense operating in a stranger's country. He is not speaking his native language. He has a multitude of prejudices to overcome. The political record of the province in recent years has been strongly against him. It is an uphill fight that he always has to make, but never does he fail to create a profound impression. That this will prove the case with his Niagara Falls speech we are certain. It was not Sir Wilfrid's fault that his party did not do better in other general elections in that province. He is the chief asset of the Liberal organization in Ontario, just as he is in Quebec, and indeed throughout the whole of the Dominion.

The Liberal party finds itself in much the same position today as the Conservatives occupied upwards of a quarter of a century ago. The analogy must strongly suggest itself to those, whose intimate acquaintance with Canadian politics goes back far, on reading the political despatches that have come from the East within the past week. In 1867 and 1891 the Conservatives were held together and made an effective fighting force by the prestige of Sir John A. Macdonald. He had a long and distinguished career behind him and there was no indication that, even with advancing years, his political genius was deserting him. Everywhere he went

## A Great Industry Now Launched



A view of the Packing Plant with Mr. Swift's private car alongside.

The present week saw the commencement of operations at the great packing house which has been erected to the east of Edmonton by the J. Y. Griffin Co., the Canadian branch of the Swift firm of Chicago. In order to be present at the formal opening on Monday last, Mr. E. F. Swift came through from Chicago on that day, accompanied by a large

party, including Col. A. D. Davidson of DuPont, Edward Tilden of Chicago, A. D. McKee, Winnipeg, Senator Jansen, of Nebraska and others. A large number of Edmonton citizens were also in attendance when the big plant was set in motion. Over five hundred hogs were in the yards waiting to be disposed

throughout the country he was given the most wonderful reception. His own party were confident that so long as he remained at their head there was little danger of defeat and even the Liberals took most of their consolation out of the application to himself which he made of the French King's remark that after him the deluge might be expected. Sir Wilfrid today enjoys a position of personal strength quite equal to that held by Sir John in the years mentioned. We believe that it would suffice to carry the day against any opponent who might arise at the head of the other party. But the fact that Mr. Borden is the present Conservative leader makes us the more confident than ever of his success. Mr. Borden is not the man that Mr. Blake was in 1887 nor the man that Mr. Laurier, then comparatively untried in the duties of leadership, was in 1891. Nor has he the advantage of the definite issues that were raised against the government on either of these two occasions.

It has been pointed out on this page over and over again within the past three years that in order to receive any assurance of victory at the polls the Conservative party must adopt some constructive policy, must know where they stand on the great issues that divide Canadian public opinion. During the life of the Parliament that has just been dissolved there was only one great question on which the electors of the Dominion were called upon to make a choice. We refer to that which arose in connection with the schools of those two western provinces. Mr. Borden took a stand opposed to the legislation of the government, but he carried with him but a single member of from the ranks of his supporters in the province of Quebec, while in other provinces there were serious defections.

In the West Conservative members have advocated a lower tariff and are even now appealing to western farmers on the strength of the resolution of Mr. Schaffner, calling for a reduction in the tariff on agricultural implements. In the east, on the other hand, they have seconded every agitation for higher duties conducted by the Manufacturers' Association. Only last week at one of the luncheons given by the Toronto Exhibition directors, Mr. Cockshutt, M.P. for Brantford, whom we heard in Edmonton along with Mr. Borden last autumn, declared that what was wanted was a tariff that would keep out foreign competition on all goods that were produced in Canada. We have only to glance over the record of the imports of the last ten years to realize what this would mean to the nation who is doing the real work of man-

ufacturing in the open spaces of this great country, the man whom, we maintain, should be considered first of all in connection with every legislative proposal.

The only hope for the party was the holding of a Dominion convention, such a gathering as the Liberals held in Ottawa in 1893, which enabled them to face the country as an organization which knew its own mind. This the Conservative party of the present day does not know, and until its members get together and give the country some definite assurance of what it has to expect from them, we cannot see how there can be much chance of their being trusted with the responsibilities of administration. The policy of their opponents may be open to criticism, but the country at least has a pretty good idea of what it is. Even the most lukewarm admirer of the cabinet will be disposed to put up with the ills that we have, in spite of which, he must admit the country has progressed very satisfactorily during the past twelve years, than to those we know not of.

It has been evident for a long while back that the campaign against the government will be made for the most part on the charges of corruption with which the country is by this time quite familiar. Where the Saturday News stands in regard to these, all of which have been taken up on this page from time to time, we need not repeat. On only one of them do we believe that a case was made out. This is an opinion which has been reached after carefully going over the evidence in each. It coincides exactly with that of a journal, which no one who has read it constantly would for a moment accuse of being biased in favor of the government, the Toronto Weekly Sun, the representative farm newspaper of Ontario, one of the owners and editors of which is no less a personage than Dr. Goldwin Smith.

We contend that only when justified by the plainest evidence has a political party a right to denounce its opponents in the language that is being used in many Conservative newspapers and on many Conservative platforms at present. We can see no justification for it and the effect is simply to lower the tone of our politics and to lower the country in the estimation of outsiders. Take as an instance, a news item which appeared just the other day on the front page of the Edmonton Conservative newspaper. It described some corrupt transaction that an official in Serbia had put through and the heading over it was: "Just as Bad as Canada." We submit that such fouling of our own net is not good politics. It



Part of the Griffin staff at work.

The event is an important one in the history of Edmonton. There is no question that the industry, which has involved an expenditure of upwards of a million dollars, will prove a source of great economic strength to the city. Subsidiary concerns for handling the by-products are already being projected

cannot increase the chances of the candidates in whose behalf it is resorted to. It is quite enough to state the facts against a government to enable the people to judge whether it has forfeited the right to public confidence or not. It is to these that people pay attention, not to wholesale denunciations.

What, for instance, is to be accomplished by an editorial paragraph like the following from the Strathcona Chronicle: "Hon. C. W. Cross, Duncan Marshall, and John Stocks of Edmonton were in the city yesterday, says the Calgary News. It might have added that Philip Wagner, Bill Miner, Judas Iscariot and Titus Oates were unavoidably absent."

Do such tactics make for clean politics? The sole crime of two of the three gentlemen singled out in the above happens to be that they are members of the party to which the Chronicle is opposed, while the third is not a politician at all, but a permanent government employee who has long given and exceptionally good service in a purely professional capacity. Is the average man likely to believe that the language is that of a newspaper which is in earnest about raising public life to a higher level? There is nothing that prejudices a party so much as senseless abuse of its opponents.

It is announced that Mayor D'Arcy Scott of Ottawa, Hon. Thomas Greenway and Prof. S. J. McLean of Toronto University are to be the new members of the railway commission. Mr. Scott is known to be a lawyer of ability; Mr. Greenway's long experience as a western farmer and as a public man should give him exceptional qualifications; while Prof. McLean is one of the best students of economic problems that the country has turned out. He has made a specialty of railway rates and his opinions on this and allied subjects carry weight all over the continent. The commission, as now constituted, will be a very strong body and should have a career of great usefulness before it.

It is to be noted that the government has not, as was suggested, appointed a railway expert. There are probably two explanations of its failure to do so. It takes more money than a government is accustomed to pay to lure a railway man, who could be worth anything, away from corporation employment, and in the second place there is a danger that such a man would be so much inclined by the training of a life-time, to view matters from a railway standpoint that he would not be altogether safe. Neither objection appears valid to the Saturday News. A government to cope with a private corporation must be willing to pay for service as much as the

and we shall in the course of the next few years undoubtedly see a great transformation, as a result of this enterprise, parallel to that which has occurred in other parts of the continent where packing house centres have been established. Industrial Edmonton is now making its bow to the commercial world.

corporation does. As to the earnings of a trained railway man, we are certain that in most cases the same ability and energy would be devoted to the one employer as to the other. On the principle that it is the best teacher who makes the best game-keeper, there is need for a mayor man on the board.

The mayor and council of Strathcona have refused to submit the proposal to amalgamate the two cities to the electors across the river; on the ground that they do not believe it would carry. We cannot see how any harm could have arisen from a test of the sentiment, at least. However, the next few months may bring considerable strength to the movement. With the opening up of street-car communication, Edmonton and Strathcona's interests are bound to become intermingled to a very much greater extent than they are at present. The work on the inter-urban line is making most satisfactory progress and there is little doubt that the cars will be running before the end of the year.

The death of the little girl, following vaccination in the Edmonton city health office, which was investigated this week by a coroner's jury, will have a most unfortunate effect. It must enormously enhance the difficulty of compelling vaccination of school children. There has always been a very strong prejudice to overcome and now that this case has arisen, it will be practically impossible to enforce the regulation. When the city decided on using compulsion, it was, without question, its duty to have seen to it that those children who presented themselves for vaccination at the public expense were given the same professional care as those who went to their own physicians were accorded. In this instance the work was done by a man who was not a doctor and who was not able to tell whether the child's physical condition was such as to able her to stand the operation. It is possible that if the work had been done by a competent physician, the result would have been the same. Accidents will happen and the carrying out of a policy for the public good may be attended by hardships at times for individuals. But certainly the city should not have been left open to the reproach that it forced a child to undergo treatment and then did not take every precaution to see that she came through safely.

The death of Mr. E. F. Carey removes still another of those who participated in the real romance of the west. One of the Cariboo miners, he closely followed his old friend and associate, of those wonderful times in Northern British Columbia, Bill Cunt, to the grave. They belonged to a picturesque race of men, to whose work in opening up of the newer parts of the country, Canada owes much.

## MUSIC AND DRAMA

"The Holy City," to which we have been urged to look forward to as something very much out of the run of theatrical offerings, received its first production at the Edmonton Opera House on Thursday evening by Mr. Harold Nelson and his associates. All outward circumstances conspired to make the play a great success. The company last week had secured a veritable triumph in "The Walls of Jericho," standing room only being available on Saturday, and an extra performance being given on Monday at the special request of those who had wakened up too late to the fact that an unusual play was being given. It wasn't surprising, therefore, that a large house should have assembled for "The Holy City." But it didn't realize what was expected of it. In many respects nothing that Mr. Nelson has brought out has demonstrated so forcibly his own talent and that of the people with whom he has surrounded himself. But the play itself will not suit popular taste. It is too handsome and takes too long to get through with. Those in the east hadn't their lines up well, but they could hardly be blamed for that, as each of the principal characters had nearly the equivalent of a book of Scripture to memorize, and we all know how, even with a Sunday school prize in view, this is no easy task. For Mr. Nelson and his ideals I have the greatest admiration. He has done a very great deal for the drama in the west, and it is because of my so downright earnest in my desire to see him succeed that I say most unmistakably that he should not take up enterprises like "The Holy City," but have his plays more along the lines of "The Walls of Jericho," and of the George Bernard Shaw products which gave so much genuine pleasure.

Another new face appeared among Mr. Nelson's players on Thursday night, Miss Moore, to whom was assigned a part of Salome. It she did not do it with ample justice. Her dance before King Herod was the delightful incident of the evening. She has a beautiful throat and a strong voice and will prove a source of considerable strength to the organization. Another woman of rare talent, Miss Belcher, won her way into so many hearts last week as Miss Mornington, was a most effective Herodias, as was Elizabeth, the mother of John the Baptist, Miss Stone has never done anything better since coming to Edmonton, and that is saying a good deal, for each of the many parts she has assumed has been a marvel of thoroughness and general capability.

Miss Violet Herdely, the talented young actress, has been so many friends for herself in Edmonton during Mr. Nelson's engagement here, left for her home in Winnipeg this week.

At the Dominion the first of the week, Mr. J. M. Burrie's "The Little Minister," than which there has been no more generally popular drama in recent times, was played most satisfactorily. Miss Russell must now have played upwards of half a hundred parts in Edmonton, and the general standard which she has maintained is a source of wonder. No part that she has had has suited her better than the "Babbie." From Mr. Ray Brandon as the minister and from the other members of the cast she received the warmest support. Miss Conway's "Felix" is deserving of special mention. For the occasion, the management called in the aid of the Caledonian Players, who never fail to stir the enthusiasm of the audience, and Mr. Mitchell, the well-known Scotch entertainer, who essayed the part of Boh Doob. All in all it was a genuine success. For the last three nights of the week "The Power of the Cross" is being given. The title suggests religious plays, but it is in fact a melodrama, of the old-fashioned style, which never fails to please a large section of the theatre-going public.

### FIRST NIGHTER.

"GET READY FOR FANTANA." "Fantana" will be the opening bill for the San Francisco Opera Company. Whenever an opera is announced it is usually the signal for a rush to the box office. This class of entertainment seems to please most people better than any other. That is perhaps one reason for the enthusiasm of the San Francisco engagement of the San Francisco Opera Company, which is billed to open next week at the

(Continued on page 5).





My dear Mr. Kipling,  
I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am glad to hear that you are well and happy.



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## The Worship of Kipling

A Chicago Journalist writes in a decidedly humorous vein of the extent to which it is in vogue at Medicine Hat.

Mr. R. H. Little, one of the picked American journalists who recently toured Alberta, writes to the Chicago Record-Herald as follows:

"We were greatly surprised that, although it was only August, we ran into Medicine Hat without a snow plow in front of the engine. The committee of Medicine Hatters on the station platform wore the conventional sack suit garb, and his was the manner of the Medicine Hat, looked not unlike his worship, the mayor of Edmonton, or his worship, the mayor of Calgary. In place of the Mayor of Medicine Hat, several citizens lounged about in shirt sleeves and in a drug store across the street a big red sign proclaimed:

"Here is the Place Where You Cool Off! Ice Cold Soda Water." It was hard to believe we were in Medicine Hat. As we alighted from the train his worship, the mayor of Medicine Hat, and the prominent citizens and members of the Medicine Hat board of trade handed us large folders on which were printed in big black letters:

"MEDICINE HAT, THE TOWN THAT WAS BORN LUCKY."

The folders contained reprints in full, and numerous extracts of an article Mr. Kipling had written and which was published in an American magazine not many weeks ago. Mr. Kipling seems to have been favorably impressed with Medicine Hat and Medicine Hat had certainly been very favorably impressed with Mr. Kipling.

"Well," said one of the committee, "I suppose you want first of all to see our natural gas wells. Mr. Kipling thought they were the most wonderful thing he had ever seen in his life. He said: 'Medicine Hat Has All Hell For a Basement.' Jolly good, that."

"I want to see the weather man and watch him make weather," I said.

The chairman of the committee laughed.

"My dear fellow," he said, "Mr. Kipling did not go to see the weather man."

That settled it. Mr. Kipling did not go to see the weather man. We were over to observe the natural gas wells.

On the way the committee presented us with copies of the magazine which had published the remarkable words of Mr. Kipling. Then they gave us little folders on which only this wonderful quotation was printed:

"Medicine Hat Has All Hell for a Basement," Rudyard Kipling.

"What do you think of that?" said the committee proudly.

"I don't think it was ladylike of Mr. Kipling to use such language," I observed primly.

The committee looked around at me and seemed pained.

We saw the natural gas wells and were told how it was not enough to melt copper in a few minutes and there was enough to run all the factories in Chicago if they were picked up and carried through the air and set down in Medicine Hat.

"Wonderful, is it not?" said his worship, the mayor. "Kipling said that Medicine Hat has all hell for a basement."

"Can we see the weather man now?" I ventured timidly.

"My dear fellow," said the committee in chorus, "we are now going to Medicine Hat club."

"I want to see the weather man," I insisted.

HOW TO HONORED PRESENT.

"Mr. Kipling went to the Medicine Hat club from here," said his worship, the mayor. We went to the Medicine Hat club.

At the club the members removed their hats and stood in silence around a piece of paper in a frame. I thought it was some kind of a picture of the weather man and found written on the paper these words:

"In Medicine Hat I rode in an automobile. Rudyard Kipling said: 'It's his own handwriting,' said a member of the committee in hushed tones.

"Can I write 'So did I' under that and sign my name," I asked.

The committee was embarrassed. "You see, old chap," said one of the committee, "that was Kipling."

"Suppose it was," I said. "I can write as plain as he can and a good deal plainer."

"But, my dear fellow," said the citizen of Medicine Hat, blushing nervously, "Mr. Kipling, you know, of course, he's the greatest writer in the world."

"Who says so?" I demanded.

"Why, my dear fellow," said the citizen of Medicine Hat, "every one says so."

"Well," I demanded, "what has he written?"

The citizen of Medicine Hat and three other citizens stared at me in horror.

"What," they gasped, "you don't know what Kipling has written?"

"No," I said, "I have heard of him. Who is he? What paper does he write for? Is he an American or German or Canadian or what?"

The committee grew pale and gasped for breath.

"Never heard of — of — Kipling, what?" said the head committeeman in gurgling tones. The other committeemen held on to each other for support and said: "He never heard of Kipling."

I grew indignant. "No," I said, "I never did. Show him to me. Is he the editor of your paper here in Medicine Hat? Is he a press agent? Does he write for the magazines or is he the compiler of the government land reports? Who is this fellow, Kipling, anyhow?"

The committee only looked hopelessly at me and murmured: "He never heard of Kipling."

NOT JIM KIPLING OF OMAHA.

"Well, wait a minute," I said. "You don't mean Jim Kipling from Omaha? I used to know a family of Kiplings or Kiplings or something like that out there. Jim Kipling used to write pieces for the paper. But the last time I heard of him he was in the penitentiary. You don't mean, surely Jim Kipling?"

No, I could see from the faces of the committee that they didn't mean Jim Kipling. It was some other Kipling. I pondered deeply and then turned to ask if this was the Kipling that used to make a tooth paste down in Chicago. But the committee was gone. I had been deserted.

I was alone the rest of the day in Medicine Hat. Nobody took me out in the automobile. Nobody invited me to the club. Nobody took me back to look at the natural gas. Wherever I went I was a pariah, a social outcast. I felt like a leper walking down the street and ringing a bell and wailing: "Unclean, unclean, unclean."

Men turned around and faced the other way when I approached. Mothers called their children in from the street. The dogs turned tail and scuttled under the houses as I came near them.

Everywhere they pointed at me the finger of scorn and I heard the words repeated, "He never heard of Kipling."

When, neglected and alone, I clambered on the train that night the policeman on the platform pointed me out to the conductor and whispered behind his hand:

"That's the man. He's the mon. 'e never 'eard o' Kipling, gor blime me; 'e never 'eard o' Kipling."

WITH THE INVESTOR

The Winnipeg Free Press has for some years past taken considerable pride out of the accuracy of its crop estimates. So thoroughly has it prepared these, sending competent men out into all parts of the country to make the most complete investigation, that it deserves the credit which it has obtained. It has just published a statement showing the accuracy of its 1907 figures. This serves to give special significance to these which it published for 1908 at the first of the present month.

For 1908 it put the yield of wheat at 111,750,000 bushels. From this, however, to be on the safe side, it deducted 1-8 bushels per acre for possible damage from frost. This would bring the total to about an even 100,000,000. Oats it put at 91,000,000, and barley at 33,000,000.

In regard to its estimate for 1907, the Free Press this week said:

"When on September 17, 1907, the Free Press ventured to predict that the wheat crop then being harvested would not exceed 71,250,000 bushels and might go lower, it called down upon its head a great amount of acerbic abuse from millers, bankers, grain dealers and real estate agents, but having made every effort to get correct information the Free Press chose to abide by its estimate and to await the 31st of August, 1908, to see if the truth or falsity of its utterances at that time. It even went further, and on October 15 ventured to estimate what the probable value of the wheat crop would be to the farmer. It is with some pride, therefore, that it announces this morning that not only was its estimate of the yield the most nearly accurate that was made, but the estimate as to value was not only fulfilled but exceeded, by several million dollars. The estimate of value was purposely very conservative, so that not to occasion future disappointment, and was placed at \$84,000,000.

"In estimating the yield the C.P.R. came next to the Free Press, and the Provincial government in its final estimate of the crop in December, four months after the Free Press estimate, after threshing returns were in, was third. It must be recollected, however, that the Free Press estimate was made at a time when there was nothing but its own carefulness and most costly inspection.

"In view of the fact that 1907 was notably an off year, the proportion of contract grain was high,

being 50.82 per cent of all wheat inspected. The amount allowed for seed wheat is proportionately higher than usual, but this was a necessary concession to the large number of farmers who, being doubtful of their seed, sowed over two bushels to the acre. It may be said that this was offset by the seed wheat brought in by the government, but it must be remembered that, though a large quantity of seed wheat was distributed, a heavy per centage of it was of the crop of 1907 grown in Manitoba, so that the allowance for seed wheat is relatively not too large. In valuing the crop the seed wheat has been taken at the average price of contract wheat, as, though much of the wheat sown was of poorer grade, the good seed wheat was of an enhanced value more than sufficient to equalize the difference in price.

To sum up, the wheat crop of 1907, though a tiresome and unsatisfactory one to handle, was by no means an unprofitable crop for the farmer. The oat crop was disappointing in many ways, and in none more than the small amount passed inspection, less than 1,000,000 bushels, in a year when there was such a demand for feed in eastern Canada. The inspections were considerably less than for the preceding year, when there was a heavy demand for milling oats. This year, of course, the bulk of the western oats, grading rejected, were unfit for milling purposes. The actual crop ran considerably under the estimated yield, which was 85,000,000 in September, but after that date there were heavy killing frosts that further reduced the yield very materially, and it is doubtful if it went over 75,000,000. Though prices were good the amount actually passing inspection was so small as to be used as a basis of the value of the whole crop, but probably 40c per bushel for the whole crop would mean \$30,000,000 to the farmers."

Mr. John Robertson, who is sending a most interesting series of letters on a trip through the west, to the Brantford Expositor, writes as follows:

"Edmonton is a prodigy, even among western youngsters, and is one of the most favored sites on earth for a great city. There are thousands of acres and lots all around it, filled with families of all nations. The town itself is five miles by three already. Some streets have over 1,000 numbers and there are large lots each. The price of lots is soaring skyward, ten times the prices of three years ago. The C.P.R., the C.N.R., and the G.T.P. are all here. There is the 25 miles out Morinville, towards Athabasca Landing and another one projected connecting the town with the great northern rivers which drain the immensely wealthy country 2,000 miles north. The Rockies and the Yukon will soon be sending their wealth here and no wonder lots boom, but the booming price sends the city far out and forces the workman into a tent or a shack. It is difficult to say much of the city in this letter. I will reserve it for my next."

The report that the C.P.R. surveys are working from Edmonton on to the Pine River Pass, with a view to reaching the Yukon ultimately, has excited widespread interest. That they have been operating in that direction for a considerable period and that the railway will be one of the first to get into the Peace River country is a fact of which the report says.

The C.P.R. will go by way of Athabasca Landing. We do not believe it. The natural route from Edmonton is direct to Peace River Crossing or Fort St. John.

Mr. K. N. McFee, a wellknown broker of London, England, who visited Edmonton this week, made the statement that Edmonton should have no difficulty in selling her bonds at par on the London market. It is possible that he may handle the city's street railway bonds. He was of the opinion that Edmonton would make a better sale than Winnipeg for a reason which should be carefully noted. In Winnipeg the city is in competition with private enterprises that bondholders are already interested in, while in Edmonton the large undertakings, such as the purchase of telephone, street car, electric light, etc., are all in the hands of the city. In taking over the city bonds, capitalists have their own interest would be to consider. This would surely serve to show the wisdom of making municipal ownership, where ever adopted, a monopoly.

Mr. James Elliot, general manager of the Molson Bank, who in company with President W. M. McPherson and Mr. H. M. Anderson, visited Alberta last week, had this to say regarding financial conditions:

"The financial condition is now 'easy.' The banks have a sufficient supply of money to move the crops, and it is, therefore, to be hoped that the farmers will immediately take their produce to market. It is the duty of the farmers this autumn to rush their grain east, so that as much as possible can be sent down the waters before frost closes the harbor at Montreal, for as soon as the produce is exported money will at once be available for the farmers to pay their debts, thus putting much-needed money into circulation and assisting to restore the market to its normal condition. There is no reason why the farmers should not hold on to their grain, for the prices at the outset will be good."

"Furthermore, by promptly selling their produce the farmers will be able to pay their debts and thus remove further interest that is piling up against them, besides ensuring better conditions during the coming winter."

"The country is growing at a remarkable rate and the business increases at a greater ratio than the savings, so that the savins are out and in demand all the time, and incidentally keeping up the rates of interest. Money that has been placed on call in New York has been brought in, but no more than the amount required for the removal of the crop has been recalled as the money in New York is earning good interest."

The bankers expressed themselves surprised to find that many western towns had doubled their populations in three years.

The present crop is for inspection of branches prior to the meeting of shareholders.

## Reading the Tea Leaves

Means something to an intelligent woman. When they unroll into perfectly formed leaves she knows it is not stale, much-handled bulk tea, but reliable



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## George Misadventure of a Horse

CHARLES LEWIS SHAW IN WINNIPEG TELEGRAM

George was his last name. As the police reporter would say, he had many aliases. His chequered career began in the dim past when the farmer and the man was a social and political factor in the face of agricultural settlement and the bison in tens of thousands migrated seasonally between the grass covered valleys of the Saskatchewan and the Missouri. George was in those days in the vigor of his youth and he acquired a reputation as one of the best buffalo runners of his time—a reputation that had percolated in the eighties of last century down through the popular epics of the great fires of the foot and Cree around which sat the degenerate hunter of other days.

George was a horse to be remembered. Whether his early training was due more to the great southern confederacy of the western plains than to his traditional enemies of the north, the Cree nation, no one would assume the responsibility of saying. The modern tendency is to excuse, not accuse, the fast disappearing Redman.

George was a mustang, a cayuse, a native of the plains, no one who once knew him or gazed into the white of his cunning eyes, could for a moment doubt. He probably inherited as much of the Arab strain as the wild horse of America, the lineal descendant of the war horses of Cortez and Pizarro, who introduced man's best four-footed friend to this continent, generally does, but George in the secretiveness of his nature, carefully concealed in his person and disposition any inkling of the proud fact. He was essentially Indian an Indian pony. He looked, when I knew him, a rather disjuncted, middle aged cayuse, one without any suspicion of Arab blood.

It was in the incomprehensible plan of things that the last owner of George should be Jim McMunn. McMunn is now an inspector of ties for the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway company some where along the right of way between Winnipeg and Jackfish Bay. It will not, however, require a perusal of this veracious story for Mr. McMunn to recall George. Any time any untoward, unforeseen and overwhelming accident befalls Mr. McMunn, memories of George must come to him. If a jackpine falls upon him unexpectedly, if a slide of one of the mountains on the north shore slides down on him, if he falls over a precipice, or an earthquake or a cyclone or any other phenomenon strike Mr. McMunn personally while he is in pursuit of his arduous duties, it is betting that the vision of George, his personal mount on a trip to the Big Horn hills in the Rocky mountains in the year 1887 will loom upon the horizon of his memory. Mr. McMunn can never entirely forget how George played Rosinante to his Don Quixote in a run of six weeks, one night stand only, through the Big Horn circuit, the head water of the Saskatchewan.

How George lopez out of the musty past from the Nez Percés to the Blood reserve, then from Blackfoot Crossing to the Battle river, then in payment of an old account to Clover Bar on the Saskatchewan, and finally into the possession of Jim McMunn as his saddle pony on an expedition made up of Mr. McMunn, Frank Chase, an Indian guide, his squaw wife, a papoose, three saddle ponies and six pack-horses and an other man, would be a long story. How he became the personal property of Jim McMunn may be put down to Mr. McMunn's fine sense of honor and to Fate. Jim, when contemplating the trip to the mountains in search of Big Horn sheep, grizzly bears, adventures and gold, had mentioned one evening that he wanted the necessary riding pony. A listener of "horsey" tendencies and the necessary knowledge of human as well as horse nature apartment to success in the horse-selling line of business scoured the country for a couple of days and found George.

When the said George was produced before Mr. McMunn, the manner in which the former showed the whites of his eyes and turned down his ears and curled his lips over his yellow teeth did not throw Jim into paroxysm of desire to hand over any considerable portion of his kingdom for that particular horse. The fact that George manfully and easily tickled his ear with his hind foot during the period of hesitation begot a certain feeling of wonder but not of purchasing desire on the part of Mr. McMunn. The vendor of George, however, remarked that he had searched for three days for a suitable horse merely to oblige, and the horse was the finest buffalo runner of his day, etc.

McMunn then weakened and the passing of George advanced another stage. The successful vendor gave two or three Blackfoot and Cree names which literally translated meant "Spirit of the Wind," "Lightning of the Storm," and "Antelope of the Plains" to choose from, but McMunn cast a reflective look at the enigmatic and grotesque looking purchases and said quickly: "I guess I'll call him after you George. It's a nice homely family sort of name and it will be quite a change."

It was fully two weeks before George displayed those qualities which have made him a painful memory. It took him that time to thoroughly become acquainted with the situation and then, when seized of the fact that his rider, while a reasonably fair horseman, was distinctly a lumberman, a prospector and a man of reflection that at the tail end of a day's journey was prone to desert him, George began to assert his individuality.

His relations with his four-footed comrades of the expedition were strained from the outset. In a week he was compelled to look during the feeding hours, like Dunderberg's bird, by himself. He was large-jointed, big-boned and compactly built, and was a vicious aggressor in his differences with his kind that after he had left the marks of his teeth and hoofs on every cayuse of the bunch, he would not rely on the trip was indelibly implanted on the equine mind.

During the second week George had apparently sized up his master, his horsemanship, his kindness and his absent-mindedness, and he proceeded to minister unto the mischievous devil who was in him. He would wait until Mr. McMunn, who was prone to astraddle calculations as to the amount of marketable timber there would be in a stretch of spruce forest, was deep in thought when he would glide quickly and unobtrusively under a strong-limbed jack-pine and sweep his master over his tail and interfere with his arithmetic. When every other pony was saddled and packed for some specially early start we would invariably have to spend a precious hour or two hunting for George, who would be found lying down a few hundred yards away in some undreamt of hollow or concealed in an apparently impenetrable thicket.

"I'll be hanged if I didn't find him lying under a fallen tree two hundred yards away from the camp-fire," said Chase furiously, after we had spent half the day scouring the broken country of the footsies, "and breathin' quiet so we couldn't hear him."

We put a roll on him, but the moment we fell asleep George would return from the wildwood and fight mosquitoes over the smoldering embers of the camp-fire with a clanging of the bell that was like a continuous fire alarm. We hobbled him and shifted over a few hundred yards after sunset, but George in his efforts to make us partakers of the music would fall down precipices, get mired in the sloughs, and get his hobbled feet injured in fallen trees and thereupon create such evident distressful music that we would spend half the night releasing him.

We endeavored to turn him into a pack-horse, McMunn taking a meek-eyed little pinto, but he had a trick of inflating himself when his pack was being clamped on that no man, how cruelly we tugged to tighten the diamond hitch, before half an hour we were gathering scattered particles of his hide along the trail.

There is a quicksand in the Brazeau river, as the Grand Trunk Pacific surveyors have probably found in their excavations of the head waters of the Saskatchewan, but no other pony in the outfit could find where it lay. George had an unerring eye or scent or instinct for quicksands. As you approach the mountains in the untraveled north, and the foothills become more and more pronounced, the traveller has to take to the river bottoms if he wishes to make satisfactory progress, and crossing and recrossing the mountain streams to sandbars and stretches, he wends his way onward and upward.

We would yank George out by the tail every day or two, while McMunn would spend his evenings drying his clothes and drying his rifle and one day George tried to drown him. George was aware by this time that Chase, the Indian, the squaw and even the papoose and the other man liked McMunn. Chase had given George a thrashing that morning for striking Pierre, our guide, a numerous blow with his fore-foot while moving from one side to the other in his front to arrange his pack. To move in the rear of George at that time meant sudden death. Pierre had half-dug the kick and saved his life, but received a terrible gash on the side of the head that took Chase an hour and two feet of precious fish life to sew together. It was then determined that George should permanently be McMunn's saddle horse.

It was in the afternoon of a scorching hot day. The sun had melted the mountain snows so that the channel of the Brazeau was deep and swift. In the middle the horses had to swim.

George, with his devilish instinct, sought out when the water came to

his belly, the customary quicksand and proceeded to slowly sink. Jim, thinking that it was merely a balk, raised his spurred boots, extending them forward beyond George's shoulders and averting them wet for it was not yet apparent that swimming would be necessary. It was George's opportunity. Quickly swinging his hind legs, he caught the large Mexican spur on Jim's heel and with the tension of George's head to regain its normal position, could not be released. The man and horse continued to slowly sink in the quicksand, and in a few minutes would overwhelm them. With a rope about George's neck and the hauling opportunities afforded by a swooping falcon, two white men, an Indian and a young squaw pulled the pair out of the treacherous sand and the journey was delayed for an hour and a half while George felt as if he had got even.

Jim McMunn at the beginning of that memorable trip was only an average horseman as western men are. Before its conclusion he had performed feats that would have turned the professional, tight-clad, mounted equestrian of the circus ring green with envy.

George's habit of descending a precipitous mountain was unique if risky. Sure footed to a degree greater than any other of his sure footed race in the outfit, with the ability to walk two poles placed side by side over a deep canyon without, he would not rely on his feet in the descent of a precipitous mountain side. He would simply squat back on his haunches, and with a snort that seemed to say: "Let her slide" he would shoot down the mountain side with his rider like a toboggan amid a cloud of gravel, dust and small timber. Jim tried once to cure George's summer tobogganing habit, but George contracted his body at the proper angle of descent so that the cinches loosened and rider and saddle slid over the head of the seemingly angry George.

In spite of all this we had arrived at the mountains, but the enormous amount of sheep shooting and started on the return journey to Edmonton. We only took sufficient mountain mutton to help out the now depleted supply of bacon and flour. George disposed of the flour as a palatable article of diet by lying down in the river one day we recklessly converted him into a pack horse as Jim was getting a troubled look in his face and would waken us in his nightmare by roaring "George." The question of getting rid of the bacon and mutton must have been George awake at night but he managed it all right.

He discovered that we had tied it on the end of a pole which we elevated before going to sleep in order to keep it out of reach of roving wild thorns, big and little. George snarled and snorted the pole might until it fell, and bacon and mutton were no longer our bill of fare. We then had to depend on the exceedingly precarious stock of travelling hunters who dare not take chances of delay. It would be a few squirrels one day, a partridge or two the next and nothing the next, while varying in the quality we grew thin and voracious, while George waned fat as we grew inert and weak. It had come down to bed rock as Chase and I munched and looked hungrily at the bunch of ponies. "But we'll give them another day to see if the luck changes. I want to get those heads and pelts into Edmonton if I can. What's for supper tonight?"

I said a partridge, two squirrels and the last handful of flour for grub.

"That's good," he said, snacking his lips.

Jim was cooking and cooking under difficulties. There are more black-flies, bull dogs, mosquitoes, sand flies and other flies at the head waters of the Saskatchewan river than any other place on earth. There is no relief on this continent at least where there is sufficient climate and room for them to work in.

A few hundred million of those varied species of distracting flies were worrying Mr. McMunn at his culinary operations with the only food in sight for one hundred and fifty miles. The rest of us sat silently and hungrily apart awaiting the summons to supper while Jim battled with the fire, the sauce pan, the flies and half a dozen cayuses that were pressing in upon him to take advantage of the smoke that kept the pest of flies from their sorely bitten heads. George as usual was the most aggressive, and at a moment when McMunn's back was turned he pawed with his foot at a second or two of food was an impossible charred mess.

We were hungry before, hungry unto desperation, but now starvation, something extraordinary were done, stared us in the face in our weakened state.

"We'll have to kill a horse," said Chase after the silence had grown painful. And then four voices gravely and unitedly murmured: "George."

The gurgle of the papoose seemed to echo the unanimous and heartfelt opinion.

George died as he had lived. To Jim McMunn as his owner and the best shot of the party was deputed the task of converting George into food. James, Jim's squaw, was a good shot, the best rifle shot in the

Saskatchewan valley, a man who had picked out with a bullet the ram from a flock of mountain sheep at five hundred yards a week before, but when I led George up to him where he stood on the high foothill that fell precipitously for several hundred feet into a deep gorge, he must have lost his nerves somewhat at being brought face to face for the last time with his deadly enemy. And at half a dozen yards he fired an inch too low and missed the brain. Your assistant hunter did not fall. George certainly looked surprised, but rising to his hind feet

he pawed the air for a moment as the blood gushed in a torrent from his nostrils and then gave a mad bound over McMunn's bowed form into the mountainous abyss, and we could hear the crash of his falling body for fully two minutes.

We journeyed nearly all night by a circuitous route until we found him.

And as the glow of returning strength could be seen in the fire light on McMunn's face as he munched a steak, he muttered: "George goes a great deal better dead than he did alive."

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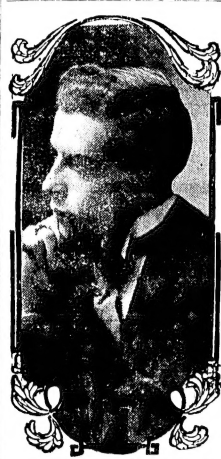
(Continued from page 1)

Edmonton Opera House, commencing Monday, Sept. 28th. But there is also another reason for being interested in this engagement. Another attractive feature is the price. In New York they charged you \$1.50 to sit where the peanuts shells fall. In Edmonton you get the best seat in the house—for \$1. But you will have to get in line when the seat sale opens at 10 o'clock next Friday morning, for the Edmonton Opera house will only accommodate 963 people and it's pretty certain to be full for both nights of "Fantasia."

Miss Verna Felton and the 'Allen Stock Company in "Zaza" at the Edmonton Opera house commencing Monday next.

Did you see "Zaza" last night is the question heard throughout the city," said the Calgary News recently. "And why? Some of the finest acting ever seen in our city was offered by the Allen Stock Company at Sherman's Garden. Miss Verna Felton as Zaza, completely captivated her audience and held them spell-bound until a late hour last night. Her interpretation of the role was such, that had Leslie Carter himself been present, she would have given great praise to this, our young Verna, for her clever acting. The role itself is one of those which has a great lesson and every one should certainly see it. Mr. Forrest Scabury and Irving Kennedy add considerable to make a success.

The elaborate electrical effect in the last act was one of the finest settings ever seen in the city. Great actresses may come and go but Verna Felton left an impression on the memories of her auditors that will live for a long time."



REVELLE URGHART

With the Allen Stock Company at the Edmonton Opera House commencing next Monday

### FIRE GUARDIANS BUSY.

The Chief Fire Guardian reports that upwards of eighty convictions have been secured by the R.N.W.M.P. and Fire Guardians under the Prairie Ordinance since the first of January. Owing to the number of fires and the great amount of damage caused thereby, it is hoped that settlers, campers and sportsmen will use every precaution to prevent the spread of fire. The Department would recommend that every farmer and rancher construct fire guards around buildings and stacks by ploughing to a width of not less than twenty feet, the wider the guard the better. Do not attempt to guard property by burning a guard without leaving the space to be burned surrounded by a ploughed guard of not less than twenty feet in width, otherwise the party so doing will be liable to prosecution for infraction of the Ordinance.

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Sink to sleep at midnight, and although you're feeling tough, Yet grin.

There's nothing gained by whining, and you're not that kind of stuff. You're a fighter from away back, and you won't take a rebuff. You're trouble is that you don't know when you have had enough.

Don't give in.

R. W. Service.

It is three years since I first knew the West the West, and the quiet open prairies, and the bustling, dominant life of its lusty young cities. A land of mighty possibilities, where the people on the soil grow to have a wonderful confidence in it, as a friend that will be good to you, if you are good to it. A land of great wide spaces; and the race of men are strong and sober.

This is the real West, the West where to do and to dare, to struggle and strive means to attain and make good.

It is one of the big mistakes to paint this land as a region where fickle fortune reigns and sugar plums grow on the bushes. These newest provinces of the Dominion are not the places where No-Goods and Failures flourish and the man of no endeavor succeeds, but, they are the true West, the best West, and when you know it well, you will realize that it holds the hope and the future of the race.

And because I know and love this land, where a man has to hang up his hat to find a home; because I know the responsiveness of the soil, the character of the main body of the people who are working out its great destiny, I am moved to a natural indignation when I turn over the English and foreign papers to see it traduced.

During August T.P. gave a couple of his rarely fascinating weekly pages to the chroniclers of "Four Men in Canada," three failures and one success. I read the letters with a great deal of interest. I know the race of the Four, as we see them from the colonial standpoint, rather better than most.

The intelligent English farmer who comes to us with wide knowledge of the work he is to undertake, to adopt his home experience to the different conditions of a new country. The mechanic with his future in his own hand, who has the pluck to stick to it out here, until he grows to love the land, and fortune smiles on honest endeavor. The refinement man, whose home people and their cheeks are his ruin.

The stamless squalor who spends his time relating how he does things in England and damning the theories because an brass land comes out to greet him. The Englishman waiting for something to turn up, lazy, insouciant, a charming companion but a quitter when it comes to work. The man who takes up his time in writing letters home, and those other sober, industrious sons of a bull-dog sire, who are the backbone of this newest Empire, as they have been of every other newly colonized land of modern times.

I know them all, a great many we look on as "some of the best of us," while others are the curse of the country. They are the Willy Joneses who can't run home from school fast enough to tell their mothers, what a horrid bad boy that Bobby Dunn is, and the first to inform, and misinform, the teacher, as to some other fellow's pranks. Papers, it would seem to me, would do well to investigate Willy and his story fairly thoroughly before allowing him to break in to print. Tattle Tales and Whiners generally do not run strongly to truth. If in Canada, and in the West in particular, Willy Jones does receive bad treatment, is he so cribbed, cajoled and confined that he can't pull stakes and move on to another grub-pile. But no, he must write home and worry mother as to the terrible privations he is enduring. He must hit up father for another advance. As though a streak of poor luck was a peculiar growth of Canadian soil, and he the worst fellow under Heaven.

I have often wondered if some of the parents of these lads could see them, as I have seen them, holding up the rotunda and bars of various hotels, rushing around tenth rate actresses and generally acting up to the cane-sucking, base good-for-nothing theatrical type of Englishman, if they would put such store by Willy's letters. "Supposed to be out on a ranch," Billy confides to you, "but my word, I couldn't stand a week of it. Chucked it the

second day."

"Fater imagines me broncho-busting at present, but no busting of that nature for little Willy. Prefer to do that stunt in town."

Last summer while staying in Vancouver in the rotunda of the C.P.R. hotel, I ran across a well-connected chap from the Old Country, whom I had known very well in Edmonton.

"Staying here?" I inquired.  
"Oh, no," he replied, "haven't got the price. Waiting for the Fater to send on a cheque."

"Same old thing, I guess. I'll wait until something happens along."

As if things were ever known, in any land, that is in most cases one's own stupidity if they unload their wares on you. Be sensible and practical; investigate first and not afterwards I saw him go driving with a party of wealthy girls, and let them pay his bill care.

A would-be high-flyer, said I to myself, but in reality nothing but a miserable little flapper. The other side is a brighter story. Jolly good fellows, delicately reared, plucky fellows setting up shop for themselves, making good all about you—and these are the stuff that show us what Nelsons and Raleighs, and Livingstones were made of.

As I have said, if information bureaus do masquerade under false pretences, expose them; but in the first place exercise a little judgment in seeking a proper source of knowledge.

There are gold brick artists every where, but it is in most cases one's own stupidity if they unload their wares on you. Be sensible and practical; investigate first and not afterwards and there will be fewer stories of take ins.

Leaving aside the story of the man who succeeded—because, made of the stuff he was, he would succeed anywhere, let us now consider the failures. One instance will suffice.

"A rector's son was captured by one of the usual 'Farm Papil' advertisements, which promised to give instruction to young men in farming and steady employment afterwards, for the payment of a small premium. The instruction given is very practical, and includes cleaning out pig-sties, manure spreading, spade work, milking, and such-like. The food and lodging are bad, and the farm pupils are 'crested like dogs.' This kind of life proved impossible for the tenderly-reared youth in question, who was quite unused to manual labor and roughing it, so he quickly broke down and had to leave. Forfeiting his £50 premium and also his wages, which the farmer refused to pay, as 'he had broken his engagement.' Such cases as this are of frequent occurrence in Canada, and should make parents very cautious in committing their sons to the care of unaccredited strangers on the strength of mere advertisements."

While having every sympathy for this tenderly-reared youth, I would just question, what did he expect? To spend his time attending pink lectures, and the beauties of landscape gardening, and seeing other men milk the cows for his benefit?

When, oh when, will all this misunderstanding end and men realize that the law of the entire West is the law and the cry of the Yukon. "I wait for the men who will win me and I will not be won in a day."

And I will not be won by weaklings, subtle, suave and mild. But by men with the heart of Vikings, and the simple faith of a child.

This is the Law of the Yukon, that only the strong shall thrive; That surely the weak shall perish, And only the Fit survive."

We are a new country, and many trails have yet to be blazed. We want pioneers, men who don't know when they're beaten. And to get the men we want, we say "here are one hundred and sixty acres, a free gift, take them and make a home."

And the right men, set to their task soberly, with stout hearts, and in time I see a snug farm house, many cattle and great wheat fields, all the gift of this wonderful new Dominion. While the other set of men are loafing about town, demanding "where are the brass beds and the parlor rockers?"

I think if the rector's sons stayed with the church it might be as well. And yet it was a churchman, Philip Brooks, who wrote: "Oh do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks. Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. For you shall be a man, if they would put such store by Willy's letters. "Supposed to be out on a ranch," Billy confides to you, "but my word, I couldn't stand a week of it. Chucked it the

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All the facilities and safety of a strong bank are at the services of our Depositors.  
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Your Savings Account is solicited. G. R. F. KIRKPATRICK Manager

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FIRST and RICE STREETS, EDMONTON

## Christmas

may be a long way off, but

## Bulbs

which will give you a profusion of bloom then are

## Now Here

### Roman Hyacinths

Narcissus (Paper white Grandiflora)

50c. per dozen

These are of the highest grade which we have imported specially for our own growing.

Must be planted now to bloom at Christmas.

Must be bought now, as we have only a limited quantity for sale.

## Ramsay's Greenhouses

PHONE 1292

## HOME AND SOCIETY

To London Town from Babylon  
The pageant of the world goes by  
For you, for you, I pause and cry  
— A Stander-By

"H.D." in writing from Beaver Lake to the *Vergil* Observer has this interesting paragraph: "This is quite a sporty correspondence. I received a letter from Lavo yesterday containing a graphic account of the meet of the Lavo Fox hounds. It appears that Mr. Davis and Mr. Morton and the captains and majors in their train turn out on the astonished prairie in the shape of an all red line of scarlet coats, classic tops and velvet hunting caps, with English hunters, English hounds, on English M.F.H. horses and henchmen, valets and retainers, a little picture of high life in dear old England slipped into a quiet new frame. They run the course, faute de mieux, but no informant predicts they won't kill as many in the season as Donald MacCallum and Eugene King kill in a week. These distinguished persons frequently lose themselves and each other on the prairie, but they get out of their trouble by making a bee-line for Sick Man's Hill. No doubt it's fine sport for them and likewise for the onlookers; that's the sort of settlers we want to give a little life and color to the scene. But oh! wouldn't our poet and D.E. Miller have inveighed against these aristocratic displays of pampered plutocracy."

"Dear Piggy," writes an old friend, "The tea-bell has begun to roll, so apropos of that fact I enclose a clipping which if you see fit you can make use of. I have always been an advocate of this idea—but have also thought it best 'when in Rome, etc.' Can we not spare our tea hostesses the infliction of a 'party call' after a simple 'tea'?"

Follows the clipping: "After attending an At Home given by two ladies who do not live in the same house it is necessary to call subsequently on each."

Ans.: Even though these ladies do not live in the same house it is not necessary for you to make any subsequent call. By going you have given every response to their invitation which is necessary. We presume that you left two of your husband's cards for each lady and her husband as well as one of your own, when you went to the reception."

Hear! hear! and in addition why be provincial enough to make one half the calls we do? In the city the custom, as we practise it, has long gone out. I know women who assure me they do nothing else with their afternoons. Husband and children neglected they trot, trot, trot from house to house, shoot a card and resume the round. A first call is surely enough, and then if you find the people particularly congenial you won't be content with mere calling, but become fast friends, courtesies in which case will shape themselves. Personally I never call. I have too much to do. When I ask you, will you find time to read, to study, to devote oneself to one's friends and family if this foolish gadding from door to door, has to be kept up?

For those who have nothing else to do, all well and good—let them "do" their 300 strong calling list, but spare, oh spare us who want to make something of ourselves!

A woman cut me last week—because I had failed to leave a bit of pasteboard at her door. What did she gain, what did I lose? Nothing, absolutely nothing. She will probably read this. Good. It will inform her that I am neither hurt nor over-much worried in the matter. She only amuses me. Let us continue then not to see each other. It is one of the polite little amenities that result from this foolish calling custom.

Mrs. Blinn will receive in future on the second and third Mondays of the month.

Mrs. Harold Brunton has taken the first Friday of the month as her reception day in future.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Hobson and their infant son, returned on Monday from Bowen Island where they have spent the summer months.

Mrs. Arthur Murphy was the hostess of a very enjoyable tea yesterday, particulars of which I hope to give next week.

I regret that other engagements prevented my attending Mrs. McCully's Art Exhibit which took place in her studio on Jasper Avenue, west, on Thursday and Friday afternoons and evenings of this week, in aid of the McDougall W.M.S.

Mr. and Mrs. J.E. Wallbridge have returned from a trip to the coast.

Mrs. Driscoll left this week on a visit to the coast.

The annual Hospital Ball will take place in the Thistle Rink on October 8th, and elaborate preparations are being made to ensure its success. The decorations are in the hands of Mrs. Sydney H. Woods, whose artistic sense is too widely recognized to require the assurance that the ball room will be exceedingly attractive on that eagerly anticipated date.

Dances have been few and far between of late, and everyone is ready for the social ball to be set going.

The lawn in front of Queen's Avenue school was the scene of a pleasant function on Saturday afternoon last. The lawn itself, by the way, is looking better every day and is a credit to the school authorities. The teachers who have been longest on the staff of Queen's Avenue school, six in number, including the Misses Chervin, McKee, Barber, McCallum and Wright gave an afternoon to the other teachers of the city in order to make the members of the staff acquainted with each other. The guests included the teachers of the Separate School, the male members of the staff and their wives. Tennis, talk and tea were the recreations. The tables were prettily decorated with flowers. Miss Barber and Miss Osborne, a former member of the staff, presided.

The engagement is announced in Port Hope of Miss Helen Hudspeth, daughter of the late Mr. John Hudspeth, Q.C., M.P., of Lindsay, well known in Edmonton, where she visited her sister, Mrs. W. H. Nightingale, to Mr. Duncan Henry Chisholm, barrister, Port Hope.

Mrs. Pardoe gives a duster shower on Saturday for Miss Gladys Bourcier.

A despatch from Ottawa gives the bare details of the marriage last Tuesday at Christ Cathedral in that city of Mr. George R. F. Kirkpatrick, of the Imperial bank, Edmonton, and son of Mr. George B. Kirkpatrick, Toronto, to Miss Ethel Bate, oldest daughter of Mr. Newell Bate, of Ottawa. It was one of the prettiest weddings solemnized in the cathedral for some years we are told. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Canon Kitson. Miss Eleanor Bate, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and Miss Sarah Sparks was bridesmaid. The best man was William Kirkpatrick, brother of the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick left on the afternoon train for New York and other cities. They will be absent three weeks, and will return to Ottawa before coming to their home in Edmonton, where a host of friends of both will extend the heartiest of welcomes.

At the Pro-Cathedral in Calgary on Wednesday evening of last week the marriage took place of one of the most widely-known young men in Alberta, Mr. Henry Augustus Allison, to Miss Marsh. The ceremony was performed by his lordship the Bishop of Calgary, assisted by Rev. Septimus Ryall. The service was fully choral, and Mendelssohn's wedding march was played as the bride left the church. The bride and groom left on the midnight train for the east amid showers of confetti. Miss Wood was the maid of honor for the occasion while Mr. Johnston supported the groom.

Premier Rutherford has been in the east, accompanying his daughter, Miss Hazel, to Toronto, where she will attend Moulton College.

Hon. Senator and Mrs. Tessier of Quebec, were visitors to Edmonton recently. During their stay they were guests at the home of Mr. Delois Thibodeau. On the evening of Labor day Madame Cote entertained at bridge in their home.

On Wednesday of last week the marriage took place in Knox Church, Lethbridge, of Mr. Ernest H. Wilson, controller of the Alberta Railway.



MABEL DAY  
Prima-Donna with the San Francisco Opera Company, at the Edmonton Opera House for one week commencing Monday, Sept. 28th

and Irrigation Company, to Miss Janet, daughter of the late Mr. John Duff. The ceremony was quietly performed, no invitations being issued. The wedding tour consists of a trip to the Mediterranean, followed by a visit to the home of the parents of the groom at Enfield, near London, and to the early home of the bride at Pittobry, Scotland.

Miss Laut and Miss Simpson have safely arrived in Winnipeg after their trip from Edmonton by way of the Saskatchewan and Lake Winnipeg.

Mr. G. H. Habbitt, secretary to the Lieutenant-Governor, has returned from an enjoyable two months' trip to New Brunswick, and the Eastern States.

Mr. Ralph Bellamy, the first Rhodes scholar from what used to be the Northwest Territories, left on Monday night for Toronto, where his marriage will take place. Before setting out, he was entertained at a quiet supper by a number of his Edmonton friends.

"Chiff End," "Chateau Royal" and "Cinderella" are three of the new books that Mr. Little has just added to his library. You can have them at a very low rate.

## Desilets &amp; Co.

have made arrangements with BRIGGS & SONS, Buffalo, the celebrated manufacturers of Wall Papers, to give a

Display of  
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at their showrooms, Jasper Avenue, next to Cecil Hotel, on or about 26th September. Watch for dodgers announcing exact date.

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Sept. 24th, 25th and 26th

We will have on display all the latest designs in Paris, New York and Eastern models, having just returned from the Eastern markets where I secured all the very latest creations and novelties used in millinery.

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## Edmonton Opera House

ONE WEEK STARTING

MONDAY, SEPT. 28

Opening bill for Monday and Tuesday nights Shubert's most successful musical comedy

## "FANTANA"

Wednesday, Matinee and Night

## "Erminie"

Thursday Night

## "Girofle-Girofla"

Friday and Saturday nights and Saturday Matinee

## "The Toymaker"

Two carloads of scenery and effects are carried with this company and every opera is a complete production.

PRICES  
At night, lower floor, \$1.00, 75c., balcony, 50c. and 25c.  
Wed. and Sat. Matinees, 50c. and 25c. no reserve

Sale of seats will open at the box office 10 o'clock Friday morning.

Edmonton  
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Sept. 18th until Sept. 30th

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TAPESTRY CARPETS in ten wire weave, the strongest and best Tapestry made, handsome colorings and patterns. Regular price, \$1.00 yd. Sale price, **68c. yd.**

TAPESTRY CARPETS in a very large range of patterns, a good serviceable carpet. Regular price 75c. yd. Sale price **43c. yd.**

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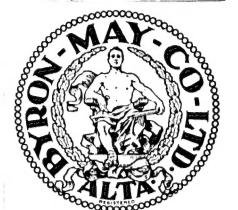
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